

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hetheroo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence in th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murder done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see ahone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what
of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules; it touches vs not,
et the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lu-*
ianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your loue

Prince of Denmark

If I could see the puppets dallying

Oph. You are keene my Lord

Ham. It would cost you a gro

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your hu
thy damnable faces and beeing,
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands
Considerat season els no creatur
Thou mixture rancke, of midnig
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire p
On wholesome life vsurps imme

Ham. A poysons him i'th Ga
go, the story is extant and writte
anon how the murtherer gets th

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, a

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Ham. Why let the stroken d
The Hart yngauled play,
For some must watch whilst som

Thus runnes the world away. V
thers, if the rest of my fortunes t

all Roses, on my raz'd shooes, ge

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh *Damon*

This Realme dimantled was

Of Ioue himselfe, and now raign

A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile t

pound. Didst perceau?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the

Hora. I did very well note hi